And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paſte let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banket, which I wiſh may proue
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures feaſt.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready againſt their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.
Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
Let him receaue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For teſtimony of her foule proceedings:
And ſee the Ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Moore. Some deuill whiſper curſes in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed ſlaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

King. What, hath the firmament moe ſunnes then one?

Lucius,

19 the Empreſſe ſaw.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a ſunne?
Marcus, Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nie and take your places.
Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on the Table, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eat of it.
Satur. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your Empreſſe.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforſt, ſtaind, and deflowrde?
Satur. It was *Andronicus.*
Titus. Your reaſon mighty Lord?
Satur. Becauſe the girle ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrowes.
Titus. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuall,
A patterne, preſident, and liuely warrant,
For me moſt wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy Fathers ſorrow die. *he kills her.*
Saturn. What haſt thou doue vnnaturall and vnkinde?